

Old Series, No. 8, Vol. 16.

A maxim, of a more truth and force than any I

remember ever to have seen, was thrown off by a British steamer—by a man who was in learning, varied, and philosophical, and who in conversation threw out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they came, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was that, "Education was the cheap defence of nations." And if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say, it is cheaper to educate the infant mind than to support the aged criminal. Yes, bestow the pence on common schools, and save pounds on prisons. Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated; and 'the very worst use you can put man to is to hang him.' Neither is a man a Human Poor Box into whose mouth we are to drop a few cents daily. "The ignorant child left to grow up darkening into the deeper ignorance of manhood, with all its jealousies, and its narrow-mindedness and its superstitions, and its penury of enjoyments: poor amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind in this splendid temple which God has lighted up, and flashing amid the profusions of omnipotence."

"O, woe for those who trample on the mind, That fearful thing! They know not what they do, Nor, what they deal with—
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there."

THE MARCH TO MEXICO.

It was reported, before our troops landed at Vera Cruz, that the Mexicans would make no resistance there, but that they would take their stand at the Puente Nacional, (the National Bridge,) on the high road to the capital. We then published a very brief description from Madame Calderon's beautiful work of 'Life in Mexico,' but as General Scott is now on the advance to the capital, and some speculations have been formed about the opposition which might be expected at the bridge, we have consulted another work on the subject, entitled 'Mexico in 1827,' by H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's charge d'affaires in that country, during the years 1825, '26, and '27, and find the following more minute description in the second volume of the book and the surrounding scenery. It may be interesting at this moment to the general reader, because of the approach of our troops, and it furnishes, besides, an amusing variety amid the news from our armies and the politics of the day:

The Puente Nacional, 30 miles from Vera Cruz, formerly called Puente del Rey; illustrated by an engraving in 'Ward's Mexico.'

"On the morning of the 17th of December, we quitted Santa Fe at about 9 o'clock, having eaten off the carriages and heavy baggage some hours before. Our day's journey was to be only twelve leagues, as we had been advised to sleep at Puente del Rey, a large village, celebrated as the scene of many sanguinary engagements during the revolutionary wars; but although the ground rises but little in the intervening space, we found the greatest difficulty in advancing, from the extreme badness of the road, which was in many places a wilderness of sand. The carriage-mules knocked up, and the coachesmen knuckled both at El Manantial and at Paso Orejas, two ranches, at each of which they seemed determined to pass the night; and although we forced them on, and left a guard with them at last, with strict orders not to allow them to stop, they did not reach the Puente until two in the morning. We arrived ourselves about dusk, with barely light enough to enable us to admire the beautiful scenery by which we were surrounded. The bridge, which is thrown over the river Antigua, at this place, is like most Spanish works of this description, admirably constructed. The arches are of stone, and the bridge itself communicates with a causeway, which, on the one side, winds down a steep descent, and on the other, forms an elevated road along which the huts, of which the village of the Puente is composed, are scattered amongst some large trees, at considerable intervals from each other. But it is on looking towards the Vera Cruz side, that you are struck with the picturesque appearance of the bridge, for there you perceive most distinctly the curve in which its peculiarity consists; while the fine masses of rock that command it, and the rapid stream that runs below, forcing a passage over a thousand obstacles, form a scene far superior to any that we had met with since our landing. Nothing can be more monotonous than the general character of the country from Vera Cruz to the Puente; the sand hills do not indeed extend above three miles into the interior, but for some leagues there seems to be a struggle between vegetation and sterility. Patches of a rich and luxuriant green are intersected by long intervals of rock and sand; nor is it until you reach Paso de Orejas that anything like regular cultivation is discovered. There we passed the ruins of a large sugar hacienda, which had been abandoned during the revolution, and saw evident traces of a rich and productive soil. But on leaving the river, to which this fertility is due, we again found ourselves in a sandy desert, where little but the mimosa was to be seen, except in spots where some apparently insignificant stream called into existence at once the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. In these we were quite bewildered by the variety of plants, all new to the European eye, and generally thrown together in such fanciful confusion that the most experienced botanist would have some difficulty in classing them; for, as each tree supports two or three creepers, the fruits and flowers of which bear no sort of proportion in point of size to the slender branches of the mother plant, it is not easy to distinguish them, at first sight, from the produce of the tree to which they cling. The air is quite perfumed at times with this profusion of flowers, many of which are most delicately colored, (particularly the varieties of the convolvulus kind,) while the plumage of the birds, of which, in some places, the woods are full, is hardly less brilliant than the flowers themselves. Flocks of parrots dangle, ciconias, or mocking-birds, and a thousand others, the names of which, in any language, I cannot pretend to give; deer, occasionally bounded across the road; but the jaguars, (Mexican tiger,) and other wild animals, we saw none, although their skins are to be met with in abundance. Throughout the Tierra Caliente, not one hundredth part of the soil has been brought into cultivation; yet in the Indian cottages, many of which I entered, I always found a plentiful supply of Indian corn, rice, ba-

nanas, orange, and pine-apples, which though certainly not equal to those of the Havana in flavor, seemed to us when heated with traveling, a most delicious fruit. Of the banana, I am not an admirer; its taste reminds me of sweet pomelo, and I gave it up after a very short trial. All these fruits are produced with little or no labor, on a spot of ground in the vicinity of the cottage which, though apparently too small to support a single individual, is usually sufficient, with the addition of a few frijoles, (beans) and a little chile from the interior, to provide for the subsistence of the whole family. For this indeed, not much is required. They seldom partake of animal food; their fowls supply them abundantly with eggs, and enable them, when sent to the market of the nearest town, to purchase a little clothing. This, however, the beauty of the climate, and a sufficiently primitive notion of what decency requires, enables them, in a great measure, to dispense with. If a horse be added to the establishment, which is indispensable where there is any distant pasturage, and it causes no additional expense. A saddle, and a machete, a long cut and thrust sword, which is almost always worn are indeed costly articles; but these are transmitted as heirlooms in the family, from one generation to another; and the young man who obtains possession of such treasures, during his father's lifetime, by any exertions of his own, may be said to have established his independence at once.

"Friday the 18th, we quitted the Puente, where our accommodations had been very similar to those which we met with at Santa Fe, as we again bivouacked in front of the house, which was not nearly large enough to contain us. We took a last look before we sat out at the bridge, and at a little eminence upon which Victoria had entrenched himself above. It is sufficiently precipitous to render any attempt to carry it by assault extremely difficult; but, as a military position, it is untenable; being liable both to be turned, and to be deprived of water, with which it is supplied from the river below. Victoria experienced this when attacked by a regular force under Miraflores, (as stated in the Sketch of the Revolution,) against whom he tried in vain to maintain his ground; but, as a strong-hold in a guerrilla war, the possession of Puente del Rey was of importance, by enabling the insurgents to cut off the ordinary communication with the capital, and to bid defiance to small detachments of the royalist troops. A sketch of the bridge and surrounding rocks will be found in the first volume, which, though on a small scale, sufficiently indicate both the beauties and difficulties of the pass."

From the New Orleans Courier.

THE ADVANCE TO THE CAPITAL.

The veteran Twiggs has already advanced on the road that leads to the capital of the Aztecs. He commands the vanguard of the army which is to realize the popular idea of revelling in the halls of Montezumas. Our own Smith leads the division, with his gallant rifles, and a nobler corps has never marched under our banner; a strong body of regular infantry and artillery, amounting, in all, to 2,600 strong, bringing up the main body. Twenty miles from Vera Cruz, the river Antigua is spanned by a noble bridge, built of stone, with lofty arches, and guarded by a strong fort which commands the road for a long distance. This bridge is associated with some of the most gallant displays of Mexican courage and patriotism. Here it was the brave Victoria, with a small band of peasants kept at bay the Spanish armies, and cut off the convoys of their treasures and provisions. The post is a strong one, and if defended with skill and vigor, will give our army much trouble. It is said that La Vega commands the force at the Puente Nacional, and is determined to justify by some brilliant deed the high expectations excited by his manly bearing at Resaca de la Palma. But it will be vain. The impetus which our military strength and confidence have received from the previous success of our army, will bear it triumphantly over all the obstacles of Mexican valor and ferocity. This bridge passed, the road lies open and unobstructed to the lovely city of Jalapa. Here our hardy veterans, accustomed to the low marshy valleys of the Rio Grande and the arid plains of Coahuila and Nueva Leon, like the republican army of Napoleon, after passing the frigid and rugged leagues of San Bernard, and pitching their tents in the smiling vale of the Arroyo, will suddenly find themselves transported into a region of surpassing beauty, fertility, and salubrity. Here they may stretch their war-worn frames on beds of roses and violets, and feast their senses on all that is rich and beautiful in nature. The cool, bracing air of the mountain mingle with the soft, health-giving breeze from the gulf, and the combination produced an atmosphere of perpetual spring. Here will flock the poor peasants with the various produce of this rich valley, with inexhaustible supplies of luscious fruits and nutritious food. But delightful as the scene and its pleasures are, our army should not rest here longer than to refresh their tired bodies and repair the damage of the hard service on the sand-bills of Vera Cruz, and of the march from the seashore. A summer encampment would be highly detrimental to the morale of our army. The hardy nature and rough habits of our soldiers would run riot in the luxurious abundance of Jalapa. Onward, onward, must be the cry. Continual activity is the true secret of military discipline. Soldiers are always happier, and more obedient and docile under the excitement of a march, than when in camp under the domination of idleness and ennui. There is no reason why our army should stop for any length of time at Jalapa. The summer in this high region is mild and temperate, the road is level and beautiful, and the country through which it passes is fertile and productive. In ten days our army could march from Jalapa to the city of Mexico. Here, we think, the enemy would offer no resistance, the city not admitting of any effective defence against artillery. If the Mexicans were determined not to yield their capital without a blow, it would be struck before our army arrived within sight of the city. But with a force of 20,000 strong, we do not apprehend any serious difficulty in taking the capital. Once possessed of this famous El Dorado of our soldiers, this magnificent city of the noble race who fell beneath the bloody sword of Cortez, we shall then be pre-

pared to listen to the overtures of the enemy for peace, or if such overtures are not made with all due humility, to take possession of the whole republic as the lawful spoils of war, and to govern it with the laws of our republic.

Letter from Gen. Taylor to Hon. Henry Clay. The following letter from Gen. Taylor to Mr. Clay, we find in the Lexington Observer. The hero of Buena Vista, though always 'ready,' is not always 'rough,' as the warm sentiment and beautiful language of the epistle sufficiently show.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, AGUA NUEVA, Mexico, March 1, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—You will no doubt have received, before this can reach you, the deeply distressing intelligence of the death of your son in the battle of Buena Vista. It is with no wish of intruding upon the sanctuaries of parental sorrow, and with no hope of administering any consolation to your wounded heart that I have taken the liberty of addressing you these few lines; but I have felt it a duty which I owe to the memory of the distinguished dead, to pay a willing tribute to his many excellent qualities, and while my feelings are still fresh, to express the devastation which his untimely loss and that of other kindred spirits has occasioned.

I had but a casual acquaintance with your son, until he became for a time a member of my military family, and I can truly say that no one ever won more rapidly upon my regard, or established a more lasting claim to my respect and esteem. Manly and honorable in every impulse, and of the country, he gave every assurance that in the hour of need, I could lean with confidence upon his support. Nor was I disappointed. Under the guidance of himself and the lamented McKee, gallantly did the sons of Kentucky in the thickest of the strife, uphold the honor of the State and the country.

A grateful people will do justice to the memory of those who fell on that eventful day. But I may be permitted to express the bereavement which I feel in the loss of valued friends. To your son I felt bound by the strongest ties of private regard, and when I miss his familiar face and those of McKee and Hardin, I can say with truth, that I feel no exultation in our success. With the expression of my deepest and most heartfelt sympathies for your irreparable loss I remain, Your friend, Z. TAYLOR.

Hon. HENRY CLAY, New Orleans, La.

Death of Midshipman Shubrick. A young officer of the navy, writing to the Baltimore American, thus describes the manner in which Midshipman Shubrick was killed at the attack on Vera Cruz:

"Each ship sent a gun, making six in all with their crews, ammunition, provisions, &c. One was an S-inch Paixhan, and we had forty men to work it. Our battery was a splendid piece of work made of bags of sand, with regular embrasures, and bomb proof. Had it not been so, many of us must have lost the number of our mess. We fired away briskly for two hours before breakfast, and immediately after we went at it again while the city poured one continued shower of eighteen pound shot and shells into us. We were careful to take deliberate aim, and always did execution. It so happened that I fired our gun the principal part of the time. Poor Shubrick discharged seventeen rounds, while I was looking at the enemy's battery through the glass better to direct the fire. I then came down, and told Shubrick I would take a spell, when he handed me the match.

"The gun was run out and primed, when Mr. DeCamp told me to take the glass, and see where to aim. As I was obeying this order, poor Tom Shubrick, standing near my side, near the right breast, (I being opposite the breech of the gun,) said, 'Hold on, Joe, let's see what you are pointing at; I know just where to fire,' putting his left hand on my right shoulder. These were his last words. Just at that instant (and the glass still at my eye) an 18 or 21 pound shot passed between us, barely missing me and struck him on the left side of the neck. We both fell, and supposed I had been hit; but in an instant I was on my feet, and beheld poor Shubrick lying on his back, and the blood gushing in streams from his neck and head. He was instantly killed. We went on, however, and fired away for two hours until every battery was silenced, except one small gun on the extreme left of the town, which did no damage."

Vera Cruz, March 30. Gen. Scott ordered 10,000 rations to be issued to the suffering poor of Vera Cruz, and it was an affecting scene to witness the crowd of half-starved creatures as they gathered timidly around to receive their respective shares.

These rations will, as Mexicans usually eat, last 5000 people at least four days, but it is probable that not more than 1000 will partake of the provisions. The city and castle were exhausted of provisions. It is a characteristic of Mexicans that they never lay in stores, but live from hand to mouth.

The path of glory had led but to the grave. Adj. Lincoln, of General Taylor's Staff, killed in the battle of Buena Vista, was George S. Lincoln, son of Gov. Levi Lincoln, of Worcester, La. Col. Clay, who has also laid down his life for his country, was a son of Henry Clay, of Kentucky. Col. J. J. Hardin of the Illinois regiment, was formerly a member of Congress, and related to Mr. Clay by marriage. Capt. Zaborskie, a gallant Pole, had served with Napoleon. Col. Yell, of Arkansas, resigned his seat in Congress to take part in the contest in which he has met an early grave. The memory of these, and of all the brave men who have fallen, shall be cherished in our history, and a grateful nation sympathizes with their relatives, the bitterness of whose regrets will be soothed by patriotic remembrances. [Post.

A father consulted Theistomides to which of two lovers he should marry his daughter, whether to a poor man of merit or to a rich man of bad character.

"Were I in your place," said he I should prefer for a man without money to money without a man."

[By TELEGRAPH.]

New York, Monday, 8 P. M. April 19.

The Washington Union states that six thousand volunteers will be called out to replace those whose terms of enlistment have expired. These troops are intended to strengthen the division of both Taylor and Scott, and also the army at New Mexico.

About 3 o'clock considerable excitement; fifteen or twenty thousand barrels flour sold at \$37, deliverable in June, and \$6 62 in May. The general impression is, that the steamer's news has been received in this city by express from Philadelphia.

Is this Patriotism or Federalism?—The Kentucky Journal contains the following—

"We cannot say that we feel either pride or a disposition to rejoice in the victories gained over the Mexicans."

"The Lexington, Ky. papers speak of the gloom which pervades that community in consequence of the receipt of the news of the death of Mr. Clay's eldest son, of Col. McKee, Col. Hardin and others at Buena Vista. We must confess we do not sympathize so keenly for the death of any gallant officer or great man's son, volunteer in this war, who has fallen in battle, as we do for the families of the slaughtered Mexicans, and particularly the women and children killed in Vera Cruz and Tobasco."

From the New Orleans Courier, Democrat.

"THIS MORNING has the name of Zachary Taylor in large letters, at the head of its columns, 'for President.' Whatever may be the design of this movement, we have no hesitation in predicting, that in less than three months those who conceived and prompted it, will be sorry for what they have done, and wish it were undone; and still they, against all probability, succeed in electing him. General Taylor is no whig, if we may believe the assurances of individuals who are familiarly acquainted with him, and possess his confidence—we mean no whig, in the Bulletin sense of the word: he is no bank man; no advocate for the re-issuance of the old United States Bank; nor is he in favor of the whig system of high duties for the protection of domestic manufactures. Should Gen. Taylor be elected President, an event which is next to impossible in the present state of parties in this country, the whigs will have caught a Tartar, whose modes of thinking and determining adherence to what he thinks the right mode of conducting the affairs of government, will prove a thousand times more annoying and fatal to them and to their policy, than did the differences with John Tyler, on another memorable occasion."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 27, 1847.

"The Nation—It must be preserved."

Wright or wrong, our country is certainly in a prosperous condition. It is not the effect of over action or of a rash excitement, but of sound policy. The wisdom of national affairs is the best commentary on the wisdom of the administration. If we look at home there is almost unparalleled commercial prosperity, the result of sound business operations and springing from the basis of that great manning of pecuniary soundness, the firming interest. This justifies the adoption of a broad commercial policy, the victory of peace. If we look abroad, we see new fields opening to American institutions and enterprise. No one expects that a part at least of California will ever be allowed to revert to Mexico, while this addition will secure immense additional facilities to our commerce in the vast trade of the Pacific. Mexico, now at our mercy, will be required to relax, somewhat, her stringent commercial laws. This will be a boon to all nations. Meantime, the noble victories of our democracy, as they do the irresistible energy of the American character, will raise our name abroad, and tell European members to keep a respectful distance from American politics. Truly, our country prospers, and with all the efforts of the whigs in peace and war in war—none won't come. What more brilliant page of our history is there, than that afforded by the events of the last two years?

But the opposition to all this the effect of 'good luck.' The enormous good fortune of the 'Manifestation.' Well the great mass of the people will never denounce a democratic administration for its 'good fortune,' so bad luck to whiggery forever. But read the following extract:

Considering that the administration when it came into power, had upon its hands Texas to annex, Oregon to acquire—Mexico to subdue—a full Mexican liability to secure—the commercial policy of the country to establish on a permanent foundation—the national treasury to establish—a war revenue to provide—an arm to organize and equip, and send forth to a series of splendid victories—vast territories to hold in military occupation—a thousand miles or two of Mexican coast to blockade—and a position of temporary glory and honor at issue and abroad for American diplomacy and American arms to win and to sustain; and considering, too, that all this in addition to the ordinary business of the government, was to be accomplished at once against a foreign enemy at a distance, and in the face of a most ungrateful and bitter political opposition at home, it is not much to be wondered at that Federalism should at last be led to pass upon the signal series of successes, both military and civil, by which at last it has all been accomplished. It does not seem, however, as explained, if it is a case of 'good luck' to have devised a tariff which relieves the people from some thirty or forty millions of taxation in the shape of high prices, and at the same time brings into the government an increased annual revenue of thirty millions. It is a

real "good luck." For the Administration to negotiate at a premium the war loan of eighteen millions at a rate of interest one percent less than the legal rate of interest in the commercial capital of the country, and then to have offers on the same terms of some forty millions of dollars more than the government care to accept. It was altogether a splendid piece of "good luck" for the Administration to project and achieve a plan of a campaign involving the movements of two fleets, one in the Atlantic and the other in the Pacific and the successful sweep of an army, in four widely separated columns, through several hundred thousand leagues of territory, till terms of peace could be dictated in the city of Mexico. It will be still more extraordinary "good luck" if the military contingents, to be collected in the shape of a tariff for the Mexican ports, shall be found to relieve, in a large measure, our own citizens from the burden of the war. Such things be the result of "good luck," what would be glad to know, would be the result of good administration? (Washington Union,

FEDERAL CONSENSUS. The Washington Union owns up, most admirably, the course of the Federal Administration in relation to the Mexican war and Gen. Taylor. The very outset, the wings denounce this war with its "deeds of chivalrous valor" as "rapine" and the "work of lawless men." This very war was in their judgment, wholly unconstitutional. The advancement of our army to the Rio Grand, as suggested, advanced as approved by General Taylor, was an invasion of the territory of a peaceful neighbor, embodying in itself all the elements of a nefarious outrage. It was a war in the estimation, unjust and atrocious, waged to extort slavery, waged against humanity, and in violation of all the laws both of God and man. But now become the plans and measures of the administration, have been successful, and the days Palo Alto and Buena Vista were days of glory, they claim the conquering leader of the war, as "the champion and representative of their principles." The resolutions recently passed by Philadelphia whigs, who have stigmatized their country's war, are to this effect, and their language has justly been considered an insult to General Taylor. But we will give the language of the Unionaire—

"If these resolutions profess to nominate General Taylor for the Presidency, because of his 'high principles.' When has Gen. Taylor made manifest these 'high' principles? Is he in favor of a national bank? Is he in favor of a high tariff? Is he in favor of the Constitution of the veto power? Is he in favor of giving land all our conquests to Mexico, and of closing the war without indemnity or glory? These are 'high' principles. Is General Taylor's representative? The 'whig' party in its stronghold, in Massachusetts and in Ohio, boasts its identity of principle with the self-styled 'Liberty' party. Is that General Taylor's political creed? He is a player and a slave holder. The 'whig' party of the north, to a man on the Whig platform, has General Taylor taken his position on that platform? For forty years General Taylor has been an officer of the regular army, fighting his appropriate vocation in military battles and in the field of battle. When, where, or how, then, has he approved himself a representative of 'whig' principles?"

The whig pretence, indeed, is merely farcical. Principles are nothing whatever to do with the Federal nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency. Federalism is greedy for the spoils of office. It wants a hero upon whom to march forward to political victory—political plunder. It wants a hero that may make him a tool of partisanship. We do not believe in Taylor but we believe we see it that Federalism can nominate the hero of Buena Vista to become the representative of such principles. The very attempt so to perjure him, is an insult—an utter profanation of his great renown.

The most taught by most of the Federal partisans is this: "We care nothing for the war, so long as it relates to the rights and honor of our country. They are, indeed, of very subordinate consideration. But we do care our narrow party purposes; therefore, we will fight by the military character of that man whom this war may have raised up. We care nothing for the rights of our country, as one who fights for the rights of his country, but we care for him, because we will try to make him an available candidate to bring our enormous principles and our factions party into power. We support him, not because he has served his country, but because he may serve our party."

MAINE VOLUNTEERS. We learn from the Augusta Age, that through the well directed efforts of Adjutant General Jennings, the ten companies consisting of seventy seven members each, to constitute the Regiment of Volunteers from this State to aid in suppressing the war against the Republic of Mexico, have been organized and are now ready and anxious for permission to go into the field of active duty.

A PITY FOR THE FUGITIVES. A writer, who is now deceased, and of whose character and talents the Federalists have spoken in the highest terms, speaks thus:

"A Jacobin is an enemy of democracy—an enemy to legal government—and a foe to a revolution. And therefore every man is a real Jacobin who is for pulling down the administration by force. Every man, who is a Jacobin, is an enemy to the Union under any pretence whatever, who attacks the enemies of his country, right or wrong, and stands up and declares his own government, as an enemy, as a usurper, as a Jacobin."

The last time the Federal Whig party are guilty of all these crimes, and are unworthy of the confidence of all lovers of their country. Never were they more daring, in their deeds of rebellion and hatred than at present.

WATERBURY WATER CURS ESTABLISHMENT. We learn from a Circular, just received, that a Hydropathic Institution is to be established in Waterbury, Maine, by Dr. E. A. Kirtledge, M. D. and C. F. Carran, on the 1st of May. It is believed that no place in New England affords superior advantages for such an Institution as this. It is situated between Portland and the White Mountains, about forty-five miles from each place. Dr. Kirtledge has long been a distinguished physician in Lynn, Massachusetts, and Mr. Carran professes to know something of the beneficial effects of this new mode of practice from his actual experience. We have no doubt that the sick and suffering will feel a deep interest in the success of this establishment, and give it fair trial.

Applicants may address Dr. E. A. Kirtledge, or C. F. Carran, Waterbury, Maine.

ONE HUNDRED GUNS were fired from Monjoy, in Portland, in honor of the recent victory in Mexico.



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